

※ FEAR NOT ※
THE CROSSING

GAIL WILLIAMS



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Fear Not The Crossing

WRITTEN DOWN BY
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INTRODUCTION

IN the autumn of 1917 I was dining with some friends, whose house is set in an orchard overlooking Puget Sound and the Olympic Mountains. My host was a business man; his wife a very charming woman with an eagerness for sincerity equal to her flair for discovering and enjoying whatever is beautiful. There were also around the table her sister, whose literary gift is marked, a young professor, a lawyer, a mining man, and two other mothers of households like myself.

As we were chatting about various matters, someone brought up Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond*, and at once very defi-

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nite and very opposing points of view were precipitated. Nearly everyone conceded that Sir Oliver's integrity of purpose was not to be questioned, but there were many concurrences to the hypothesis that grief for his son had more or less undermined his sanity. They held that even if the book were partially true, the portions describing the activities of the table were irrefutable evidences of his inability to see things as they were; in short that, although by telepathy of one sort or another, there might possibly have been mediumistic messages that proved to be true, there could not have been rapping tables not animated by ordinary, human, muscular exertion.

Then laconically the professor said, "Oh, yes, I have seen that sort of thing. I don't know how it happens, but it does happen."

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Now usually one takes a friend's word as one takes an experience, as something incontrovertible. But however much desire to be loyal strained towards belief, that seemed too much for the reason to accept unproved.

Later on, then, while bridge was in progress, four of us went into the dining-room, where the electric lights were supplanting the burnt-out candles, and, placing an ordinary wooden bedroom table on the bare floor, we sat down in chairs placed comfortably around it, our hands resting lightly upon its top.

After a certain interval the table stirred, then very slowly tipped up and down. Soon, as it began to tip more rapidly, the professor said,

“Tip once for yes, and twice for no, in answer to direct questions; and if you wish

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to spell out words of your own, tip once for A, twice for B, three times for C, four for D, etc."

Thereupon plausible messages were rapped out. Of course, I looked to see whether anyone was, unconsciously or otherwise, touching the table in any way. But the only contact, I ascertained absolutely, was through the hands resting on the surface of the top, a position in which our own muscular exertion, even if applied, could not effect the motion. I shall never forget my breathless amazement.

The first evidence of psychic phenomena experienced is a sensation that rearranges all mental lassitude. One may like the possibilities thereby opened up, or one may dislike them very much, but thereafter they must be faced as realities.

At that time I had done almost no read-

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ing on this subject, and was so inexperienced and uninformed that, because I knew the characters of my friends and the nature of my environment both to be incapable of lending themselves to fraud, and because the context of the messages we received seemed perfectly in keeping with the names given by the communicators, I quite simply assumed that somehow the intelligences of certain people known to us, who had died several years previously, were communicating their ideas to us in a way that, however curious, was still a means of expression.

Now, however, that I have learned more about the subject, and have read carefully the books of Dr. Hyslop and Professor Crawford and other investigators of psychic phenomena, I realize that my experience was in no scientific sense a proof

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of anything whatever. And of this account and the accounts that follow, I am the first to say that the scientific value amounts to nothing.

If, however, the reader is willing to accept my personal sincerity and to overlook the absence of laboratory methods, he may be interested to follow a rather full account of the various experiences that led to my automatic writing.

Soon after this a very startling communication occurred at my own house. One evening some friends and I had tried table-tipping again, with interesting but not unusual results, when, as we stood up to leave, resting our fingers on the top of the table almost by chance, we were astonished to have it rise up and whack down again with an alarming degree of force.

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Anne, a young artist, exclaimed,

“You wish to give us another message?”

Again came a powerful thump. At once, with the most surprising urgency, it spelt out that the communicator was a Mrs. Dugan who was sending a message from Brenda. The message was not for us, but for Henry.

None of us could recall ever having known anyone named Brenda, save I, who had known a girl of that name at school years before; and it came into my mind that, perhaps unknown to me, she had died and was now seeking means of communication.

As for Henry, there being no one present of that name, we assumed that a near relation of Anne's was being designated, and asked directly,

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"Henry Parr?"

I mention the identities we were thinking of to show how remote our thoughts were from what transpired.

Again the table was exceedingly emphatic and definite.

"No, not Henry Parr, Henry Olson."

For a moment we were puzzled. The only Henry Olson we knew of kept a store in the city in which we were living, a well-educated naturalized citizen, well liked by everyone who knew him, but in no way an intimate friend.

Once more the table thumped with extraordinary vigor,

"Pray tell Henry beware death treason."

Then reiterating,

"Pray tell him beware."

We tried to ascertain Brenda's identity.

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She was Henry's niece, and had died in one of the Scandinavian countries two years previously, when she was seventeen.

Again the table rapped out,
"Pray tell him."

It is hard to describe the emotion that seemed to be transmitted through the table with the words. Such urgency, such seriousness were there that we felt impelled to consent to do what we could.

Then later, when we began to consider carrying out the request, it presented the impossible aspect of actions readily gone through in dreams when considered the next morning in relation to everyday living.

How could Anne or her sister or I stop in at Mr. Olson's store and say,

"Beware of death" or "What is this

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about treason? Your niece, Brenda, wants you to be careful."

There we were, wanting to be fair to Brenda, assuming that she was really an individual; yet being most unwilling to go to Mr. Olson about it.

In considering the possible courses, we even thought of writing anonymously, but could not bring ourselves to a means so ethically against the grain. Finally, a level-headed engineer, who had been present throughout the evening, volunteered to telephone to Mr. Olson, and to ask him at once whether he were the uncle of a girl named Brenda, who had died fairly recently, withholding his own name until the relationship had been established. Then, with that point confirmed, he would go to see him and describe the extraordinary occurrence; or if refuted, merely say that

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there had been a mistake, and drop the matter for good.

The telephoning, however, proved entirely unsatisfactory. Mr. Olson promptly interrupted by saying,

“Who is this talking?”

Moreover, when undaunted, the inquiry about Brenda proceeded, Mr. Olson broke in decisively,

“I do not speak without knowing to whom,” and hung up his receiver.

Of course, we were disappointed. The unusual, imploring, emphatic nature of the table communication had aroused our very deep interest. But with our interest was mingled the realization that however much we might wish to probe our psychic experiments, we had no right to cause annoyance to others; and that annoyance was a mild expression for the feeling that Mr.

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Olson would have could he know that three of his fellow citizens had received a psychic message that quite definitely implied that his conduct (either actual or contemplated) was not legitimate.

At just this time, while I was doing a few errands downtown, I chanced to meet a close friend who was prominent in the Red Cross. Her glance fell upon my shopping list, partially crossed off as it was, and at once she became grave, saying,

"If you have anything to get that's to be eaten or even touched, don't go to Olson's. I can't tell you details, but the Secret Service is watching every move that goes on there."

And there our climax hangs. As my husband summarized it all when I recounted the adventure to him soon afterwards,

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“If Olson was mixed up in treason, Brenda or no Brenda, he ought to be hung. And if not—you couldn’t go and insult a man because a table went in for tipping.”

A fortnight or so after this when I was spending a week-end with my husband near the camp where he was stationed, we attempted a table sitting by ourselves. Our room had no curtains, consequently we could be sure of privacy only by having no light, which may perhaps partly account for the new development in our experiences.

After we had waited a certain interval with our hands resting lightly upon the top of the table, it stirred, then moved. We established our usual code, and with great rapidity the name of my husband’s father was spelt. Then faster and faster

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the table was moved, until the motion resolved into a brisk rocking.

Presently my right arm and hand began to jerk slightly in a way that suggested that possibly I was being impelled to write. My husband reached for a pencil and block of paper, and for the next few minutes my hand fairly raced over the pages, writing with the greatest possible speed, but as we discovered, entirely illegibly. My whole arm felt as if it had been in contact with a battery; it was cold and slightly numb, but after a while became quite normal again.

We both felt more or less tantalized, and wondered whether we should ever have a complete experience. The Olson episode was not concluded satisfactorily, the barrier to its solution in that case being our own distaste for being impertinent;

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whereas now we were being the recipients of a message that we could not in any way decipher. We were, however, getting very near to complete communications.

The weeks went on, and just as countless families found moving all about the country their personal lot in the war, the children and I became wanderers. For more than a month I stayed in a very delightful city where I was so fortunate as to be thrown with particularly interesting and charming people. Among them was a young married woman, the daughter of a distinguished man named Lee Caradoc, to whom I shall allude as Katharine, who asked me to luncheon one day with a few of her friends, among whom was her life-long friend, Ellen.

Katharine spoke, at the time, of her

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father's being very used up by a severe cold, which he had caught a few days previously, and added that the doctor had that morning sent for a trained nurse. Within a fortnight pneumonia had developed, resulting in his death.

I had never met Mr. Caradoc, but was deeply sorry for Katharine, whom I liked so much. Mr. Caradoc's remarkably fine mind, uncommon ability and wide interests made his death a loss not only to his family and immediate circle of friends, but to the whole community.

A few days after this, when I was at the house of the Jeromes, a mother and daughter whom I had enjoyed meeting very much, Ellen's sister Julia arrived. She had known the entire Caradoc family very well for years, so that it was natural to inquire of her how they were getting

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on. With the sun pouring in the windows, and the air fragrant with spring, death seemed especially relentless and tragic.

We spoke then of the recent developments in psychical research. The Jeromes had experienced several remarkable psychical adventures, and Mrs. Jerome, it seemed, had mediumistic power, of which she never liked to speak because of the adverse attitude held by so many people for the entire subject. I told them of the table tippings I had witnessed, which phenomena they had never seen, and were anxious to observe. As Julia, too, was interested to attempt it, we went to the upstairs sitting-room, cleared a wooden table, and there, with the sunshine streaming in, we four sat down, our hands resting lightly on the table top.

Presently the table creaked, strained,

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then tipped, and after establishing the code as I always do, the name of my younger brother, Peter, was spelt, who had died four years previously, when he was fifteen.

It was his birthday, so that I spoke of that; then I asked him for news of our brother Anthony, then a lieutenant in France. The word "sick" was then spelt out, but I, knowing that in the autumn, when his eyes had given him trouble, he had been kept in the hospital for some time, imagined that perhaps a mistake in time was being made, and that by then all was well. Very soon, however, I learned that at just that time Anthony was suffering from pneumonia.

Then the character of the tipping changed and the name Jack was spelt. At once Miss Jerome exclaimed,

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“Oh, I know who that must be, my old friend Jack Farsdale.”

Whereupon the table thumped out,

“No, Jack Durant,” spelling the name of a cousin of mine killed in the air service a short while previously.

I had not seen him for so long that my only idea of him was of a very small boy, clad in white piqué kilts with massy light curls dancing on his head, and I literally could think of nothing to say to him, beyond inquiring if he were all right, to which he assented.

Subsequently I had other messages from him, including a remarkable drawing of an airplane, done in nearly complete obscurity by means of a planchette. According to his accounts, after his death he was met by Peter “on the other side” and they have worked there together a great deal.

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Again the character of the table tipping changed, and Mr. Caradoc's name was given. The others were startled and dropped their hands, so that with my hands alone touching the table top, this message came,

"Tell Katharine glad were no cut flowers."

Mr. Caradoc's funeral had been by his expressed wish absolutely simple in every way.

Then, because table communications are of necessity very slow, Mrs. Jerome attempted automatic writing. She picked up a pencil and rapidly—as my hand had moved when I had had the curious experience with my husband—but with perfect legibility, a message of some length was written, purporting to come from Mr. Caradoc.

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Its substance was that he had retained his consciousness, but felt indescribably lost; that he had had no realization that he would actually die; that his experience was almost overwhelming; and that while he was seeking those with whom he had some previous association, he had chanced to be near Julia. Then when Peter came to communicate, and had seen him there, he showed him how to send messages.

Julia asked him certain questions, and the writing flashed down upon the paper in response to any remark that was made. Among other things she explained that I, Peter's sister, was a friend of Katharine's. At once the words rushed along the paper,

"It is a comfort to be with those who know my family."

It is difficult, perhaps, to give any ade-

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quate idea of the impression conveyed of Mr. Caradoc's actual presence. By that time I had become used to witnessing what I felt were genuine communications from those who had died, so that I felt no alarm nor agitation, and Julia, who was really distressed at hearing of Mr. Caradoc's unhappiness, and also the Jeromes, gradually left most of our end of the conversation to me. The experience was so impressive that I quite forgot how time was flying until suddenly I realized that I must leave at once in order to keep an engagement. Words to that effect had barely left my lips when with great speed came this sentence,

“Don't go. I feel that this may be my one chance to express all I feel, and I feel horribly.”

I asked if he would care to try com-

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municating again the next day, to which he agreed.

It was, then, the next day that I first wrote automatically. First I rested my hands upon a table to see whether or not it would give any sign of there being another intelligence present. Then when it had begun to stir, assuring me that psychic force was indeed in operation, I held my pencil in readiness, and rapidly page after page was written. The writing was not as legible as it became later on, but it was possible to discern certain phrases on every page from the very first.

After Mr. Caradoc's name there were brief messages to his family. Then in reply to my asking if he were happier, to my consternation he wrote emphatically that he was most unhappy. Whereupon, although I felt myself far less experienced

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than I knew him to be, and very much his intellectual inferior, I asked him quite simply if his religion could not be of help to him. To this he replied that religion as he knew it was too formal to have bearing on his present circumstances.

Again I tried to forget everything except his being in distress and needing comfort, and suggested that there could be no condition that would not be bettered by getting into relationship with God, and asked him to try to pray.

He at once wrote that he did not know what to say, so, just as one thinks for anyone very ill, I said out loud the most simple, inclusive words that came to my mind,

“In the name of Christ I ask for something to do for others.”

He wrote them after me, then added,

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“Very well, I will try your prayer, but little do I believe that it will help.”

I told him then that the next day I was going far away, but that wherever I was, if he wanted me to write for him, I should always be glad to have him come.

Within the week, when I had reached my next destination, he wrote again through my hand, telling me that conditions were becoming very much better.

Soon, after various other brief communications, he wrote that death was in no way final, and that because its whole nature was misunderstood, he wanted to write about it at length. These writings that came he alluded to as his book, giving even the title, “Fear Not the Crossing.”

I feel that it is all his, no more mine than if I had served as a mere everyday sort of secretary. However, the circum-

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stances being what they were, the whole subject of automatic writing being so little explored and the chance of influence from one's own subconsciousness being a possibility, I have no right to make any claims for the writings, but simply to give them to the public for what they are.

Of the identity of Mr. Caradoc and the genuineness of his messages I feel personally convinced. And several other controls have apparently communicated correctly through my hand.

Then, again, I have received some messages that have proved to be wrong, and frankly I am at sea as to whether the mistakes are owing to the faultiness of my mediumship—to my own subconsciousness, as it were, cutting in on the wires—or to there being so-called impostors on the other side. Time after time I have been

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greatly surprised at the context of the messages I have experienced, which would point, I think, to the absence of any personal influence of my own—as when Mr. Caradoc, a man of so splendid a type that one would instinctively imagine his finding safe haven at once, described so insistently his unhappiness, and, to cite other instances, the passages about complete annihilation and about suicide were quite unexpected.

The view set forth about suicide, of course, is concerned only with sane, contemplated suicide, not with the sort caused by abnormal mental conditions, and I imagine was directly meant to reach the ears of those in our service who, while not hesitating to face the ordeal of fighting, were questioning their ability to endure the torture and indignities of capture.

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Other questions are perhaps likely to occur as to how great an extent my own individuality is responsible for these writings. I wish that there had once been a time when I was sure that all psychic phenomena could be explained away as simply as have been certain ghosts, by the sturdy application of common sense. It would no doubt give more weight to my convictions to have them of the unwilling sort, but they grew quite naturally from an agnostic, not antagonistic, point of view. I felt, to be sure, that I could not believe without proof in anything in the supernatural order, and that the natural order, defined, did not include such phenomena as I have since then personally experienced.

Now I have been forced to rearrange and tremendously enlarge my former defi-

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nition of natural order—in fact my personal position is rather more an unanswered question than a determined statement, and is awaiting eagerly the developments that will undoubtedly come within the next few years. It seems to me, however, that it will become necessary not only to acknowledge that psychic phenomena are actual occurrences, but that they are caused by the action of forces emanating from personalities not embodied in the way in which we are. In fact, no other hypothesis seems either adequate or tenable.

But whenever the limits of man's knowledge are extended, there are all sorts of barriers to be leveled before the new areas of thought can be properly assimilated. And the boundary-keepers, the stanch conservatives, are indispensable to

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the welfare of the race. They are right to be cautious, but they must not be blind, nor must they permit intellectual inertia to retard their course.

It is not for these writings of mine that I ask quarter,—that they have value of a sort I sincerely believe, but in their publication I am not claiming for them a scientific merit that they do not deserve. Until a mechanical device can be perfected, so sensitive to vibration that it can of itself receive and record so-called psychic messages, no certainty can be felt about the possible proportion of the medium's own subconsciousness therein transmitted, especially when, as in my case, there has been no cessation of ordinary consciousness.

For the subject of psychical research as a whole, however, for the work of those

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intrepid investigators who, caring neither for ridicule nor even derision, pursue unswervingly their search for what is true, I do solicit an increased discernment and a more general comprehension.

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February 15, 1918.

The world is about to have a revolution in its point of view of death. There is no cessation in life, and the perpetuity of life is established. It is, therefore, to be thought of as an inexhaustible state of growth, and strengthening of the personality until the personality is strengthened sufficiently to be merged with the sources of all life. There, it becomes lost temporarily, but emerges thence purified.

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February 18th.

Life is, in its essence, an unfolding of the powers that lie undeveloped until called into fruition by necessities that arise, whereupon they spring into being in answer to the demand. Happiness is not, therefore, the state most desirable, because it too often means stagnation. Rather, experiences, varied and manifold, are the gifts to be sought for from fortune. It is through them that the most golden pathway of life is found; the way over obstacles, no matter how severe, leads always beyond, and ultimately means the highest progress.

The approach to God lies not over level stretches, but directly up towering heights,

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which must be traversed, though with heart-breaking pain and long continued suffering. The price of achievement is slight, however, in comparison to the abounding joy of attainment.

And always there is love, kindled by love extended. With love in our eyes, we are met with love wherever we look until its beauty is as constant as the overflowing beauty of the skies.

Let us then meet each day with a new sense of proportion. Let us not think of death as an ending of our lives, but as an incident in them, and as of something not too significant. What is significant is love, the giving of it generously and the perceiving of it generously; the complete, scrupulous performing of all work offered for our doing each day; the realizing of our unity as a whole, rather than too keen an awareness of our separate entities.

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Let go the idea of personal individuality. Live for God rather than self. Try to find Him in service for others. To be responsive to His will, to feel His impulses govern yours, as yours in turn govern your different members, that is indeed to know perfect Joy, the Peace of God.

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February 19th.

Be sure that God is always present. It sometimes seems not possible, but be still and think of Him, and at once you are in communion and in the attitude of prayer. "Ask and you shall receive" is truer than you can believe. All good goes to meet those who believe; try to cultivate the power of receptivity. God's love is limitless, and always effects comfort and fills all wants.

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February 20th.

God is a reality, though unlike the conception of Him usually held by the people with little power for thought. He is everywhere, always ready to be called on. Mortals little know that God's power can be tapped by desire, as it were. Never is more asked of us than we are capable of doing; however, not always are we capable of the doing without calling on the power of God to come to our aid.

We are capable of infinite greatness in everything by letting God act through us. Do all you can with serenity, knowing that always the everlasting arms are indeed close by, and that all the strength in the world will flow through you if your own strength be really drained.

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Never despair, never doubt. Faith is not blind, unreasoning acceptance of dogma, nor of the thoughts crystallized by the minds of former ages. No, faith is the sure, sublime confidence that everything is possible in God, through God, and by God. Let go Self, and rest in the knowledge that God is the power of the world. Then will be found the solution of true living.

Love is the miracle of life. Never does a day dawn that brings not forth myriad new forms of love. It is the glory of the human race; the goal, the reward, the constant beauty of all life. Analyze, yes, and assimilate or reject qualities shown in the characters of other people, but love them for their possibilities and do not condemn them for their faults.

Comprehend your fellow men with the perfect gentleness of maternal love. Do not be so petty as to offer to men their

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deserts, rather rise to the greatness of giving freely the love that in its essence is divine. Love from a woman is the glory transfusing all those who encounter it with radiance; and love from a man heightens the desire for nobleness and honor. Oh, what a wealth abides in life for those who dwell apart in God!

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February 21st.

There is nothing that can half express the life on this side of what mortals call death, that change that has been given by them particular emphasis. All life is change. The transition wrought by succeeding years, making the wonderful personality of the adult from the animated human mechanism called a baby, is really a more complete annihilation of the original nucleus, than is the change wrought by passing from your state to ours.

And is that state so perfect that altering its condition can rationally be feared? Surely not. Rather, from a detached analysis it ought to be clear to all sincere thinkers that certain conditions in your so-

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called life are not met adequately. Not until love is understood will life on your side attain beauty; whereas, on this side, the entire emphasis of life is placed differently.

Here there is a wonder of generosity abounding. We are working to give, not to get, and in service we find all that once we used always to be seeking, always, alas, in vain.

God is much closer than you know. You have been told, but do not realize, what His presence effects. All that is required of you is the mere thinking of Him—that alone brings about direct harmony, a state of such beauty, such perfect peace and love that it seems astounding that this greatest blessing is rarely used. I myself considered prayer a childish superstition. But to think of God is prayer, and that gives strength for every

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possible call, and comfort in every sorrow and perplexity, and peace sublime and boundless. That I never knew, nor do most people.

But the war is changing religion. It will be more perfectly comprehended; from now on great spiritual development will occur. And love will prevail for all the race, together with a greater sense of personal responsibility. In the place of lost ones there will be all mankind to care for. The old days cannot return, nor will love again be so limited and misunderstood.

God's love is for all who hunger for it, and our power for love, our greatest gift from Him, must not be of a different quality, narrow in essence, to be jettied here and there in cruel niggardliness; but rather our love must be so great that the warmth of it will fairly radiate in joyous

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boundlessness. There will be still unworthy ones, but love has the gift of generation.

Do not cease to have as fine ideals for others as for yourself. Discrimination is essential, but turn not away from those whose faults are grave, and exasperating even; reflect on causes and find ways for overcoming their results. Create opportunities for development. Be, as it were, doctors in love. You cannot love too much.

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February 22nd.

Be sure that there is life on this side of death. It is wonderfully different, and yet equally satisfying so far as the retention of individuality is concerned. One is not resolved into a state of lost consciousness; one is the same self with a suddenly extended vision. It seems at first lonely, even overwhelming. Then, as one readjusts old ambitions it all gets understood.

I thought at first I had reached Hell. There seemed no God, but horrible desolation and emptiness. That was because I was not tuned, nor could I manipulate my new form. I was all at sea, and lonely beyond words. Then I thought of God—that is, you know, to pray—and in my ask-

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ing Him for work to do for others, I found my own life once more. At once it all grew better, and then one blessing after another opened my eyes to the possibilities of a joy I had never known before. I knew that God existed, and I learned to be used by Him by letting His power flow through me. There was no longer any loneliness, or hesitancy, or horror.

It is hard to become adjusted at first, then it all becomes second nature and, once understood, is far better than any previous life—mortal life, you call it. There is so much more love here for all; there is, too, so much beauty. We never lack, for there is always every want supplied.

Our friends can be always approached. It is not hard to learn the way of meeting all those you wish to see. There is telepathic communication established by the desire for meeting anyone; then, before

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you know it, desire is met by fulfillment. And communication is here so full of harmony and inspiration that it is a perfect union of minds. There is no mistaking one another's true ideas, they flow between friends as only on your earth at rarest moments.

Then the work each one is given combines the exercise of all one's best faculties. Work for others, involving little exhaustion and great stimulation,—that is what each one finds here by asking for help. Here is none of the cruel drudgery of forced labor. No, the work we are given, we do with the joy of an artist in creative achievement. Always knowing that God is close, one feels so sure, so confident, so full of heavenly happiness.

The details of life are very lovely here. We live with beauty all about. Never are we far from it, beauty of colors, and

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sounds, and lesser beauties everywhere. There is one thing that troubles me: the sorrow of my family, left for a time. They do not know the happiness of death. It frees, ennobles, heightens all the possibilities life offers. Death is only a transition. Be sure of that. It is not in the least final, it only changes conditions; and in the place of old ones extends others infinitely better and more wonderful.

Never sorrow for those who have passed to this state. Pray for their obtaining a quick comprehension of all that lies open to them. Pray that they reach God without any interval of bewilderment. Pray that they attain serenity of faith. For the thoughts of those who love you are like an armor of light, and help most wonderfully. We too may pray for you. That is one of our blessings,—to know that when we think of you with love we are

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of actual help and service to you. Think often of those you love, thinking, too, of God, and good will flow to them and your love will be of value.

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February 23rd.

The life on this side of death has certain similarities, but also absolutely distinguishing characteristics to life as I used to know it. Imagine being free of a body of tissues that are always disintegrating and having to be reconstructed. Imagine the ease with which all too often the body's interests obliterate the soul's, and then consider whether the body, so desperately desired as a permanent casing for one's soul, is intrinsically so ideal as a possession.

The interminable cleansings, for one thing, occupy a great deal of time. And since modern plumbing, with its wealth of attractions in white enamel, came into the world to dwell as a *sine qua non*, con-

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sider the sums required to be spent in keeping up one's surface.

Then the ubiquitous interiors of men and their incessant demands! Always feeding is going on, usually disguised by romantic surroundings and euphonious names, but always among you mortals there is a closeness in thought and actions to food. And organs abound also in your interior for varieties of uses, all subject to occasional disarrangements and consequent discomfort and pain. No, much as I used to like my own body, now I feel that it would be unbearable to be again limited by it.

There are other advantages derived from being so perfectly untrammelled. There are no physical laws to confine us. Space is no longer unsurmountable. It can be traversed at will and with the rapidity of thought.

Fear Not the Crossing

Desire obtains such complete fulfillment now. At best, intercourse with friends used to be only a partial union. Now it is so perfect, so harmonious, and so thrilling that friendship is altogether a delight. One not only sees those particularly desired, but meets those who think along the same lines. On earth is it not possible that those you most would love go by un-found and on such distant paths that missings—tragic missings—are all too frequent? Here, there is a law of mutual attraction, and whatever is best in one's self draws close to those who will further inspire and teach.

There is never an end to growing in knowledge. Love transcends all hearts, but wisdom never fills; it creates continual desire while at the same time it pours out abundantly its riches to those who seek them.

Fear Not the Crossing

There is such beauty spreading over life that each dawn should be celebrated as divine, for each new breath of life can become a breath of God. Think of each day arising full of limitless meaning. Think of one's duty being service of a sort that is complete happiness to do, and one's pleasure being the most beautiful communion of minds. Each dawn should mean a prayer to God, and then by becoming linked to His infinite power (which prayer or thinking of Him always effects), there will be a new and splendid strength and vital hold.

There is never anything to face in life that cannot be appreciably affected by this state of receptivity. If there is any man of distinction, reflect on the sort of his power, is it of God, or evil? There is power in concentration, sometimes opposing the divine power, but ultimately it

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turns false and wrecks what it has accomplished. Often what seems incomprehensible in failure is caused just by that—the foundation was wrong. Action, of course, always stirs first in the mind, and if the conception occurs in a mind untouched by God, there is an integral flaw that sooner or later infects the whole result with disaster.

God is not usually comprehended, but even before one grows to comprehension there are instinctive evidences of His presence in the immediate, often unwilling, assurance granted to men that some things are right and others wrong.

Often those who most freely insist upon nonbelief are most close to God in reality. The honesty that disclaims concurrence in a superstitious, undeveloped definition of God points often to a closer approach to understanding Him. He is per-

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sonal in one sense, but has not the form imagined by general conjecture. His power is so immense that it is not conceivable, however. It pervades everything, and yet there must be personal volition to become in tune.

But so much is prayer to God that is not conscious prayer, more people are in harmony with His law than know it. The gentleness extended, when bitterness has first to be suppressed, is a sort of prayer. And the love for beauty of sounds and colors and forms is prayer. And especially does prayer mount up like holy incense from the hearts of those who see the good in other people.

God's nature is one of such infinite power, why cannot it be trusted? Do what you can, but feel and know His readiness to be called on, and do not hesitate to ask for strength in need. At last

Fear Not the Crossing

I know the marvelous extent of His love, but I did not use to reflect on it. And it is only by reflection that religious conceptions can grow.

There is all too often an idea that children must be given a faith suitable to their understanding. It is frequently puerile nonsense. Then when growing boys and girls ask, they are not helped because their faith must not be shattered. Then when fully grown they must not ask questions or change or grow out of old misconceptions because disloyalty might result.

Should the blind, unreasoning continuation of habits of religious thought be considered loyal? Loyal to whom? Would one's parents, who perhaps in another state of life are growing into a truer knowledge of God, would one's parents feel pleasure in finding the minds of their

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children closed to this truer knowledge; and closed moreover—even tightly barred—on their account! Would a dark vault of blindness in your mind be a worthy monument to those you love, or rather, would it not be a greater honor to leave for them an open glade where through the power engendered by your mutual love and sympathy, they might come back and plant truer knowledge than they had previously been able to give? Suppose you are wounding to the heart those whom you most would love to serve by shutting them off in a world apart from you.

Do all you can to realize that when you think of God and think of those you love, you establish and generate power. This is not a theory, but a fact. Love will be engendered that will be actual and of true service. Love is not an idle emotion, but a power, tremendous, in propor-

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tion to the purity of the heart experiencing it. It is the power that will eventually save the world. Each individual must try to be radiant with it, for now the forces of war fill the world with such horror that there must be more beauty and increased power in love to meet the fearful need for it. Keep free from rancor and narrow inability to sympathize. Try to be generous always. You cannot love too much,—that is the most splendid prayer there is to God—loving nobly.

Fear Not the Crossing

February 24th.

The conditions of life on this side of death are most interesting. At first, I could not realize what had happened. I clung so to the old conditions that I was all at sea. I wanted to keep on as I was, and yet I wasn't any longer. Can you imagine my despair at feeling thrust out of my own self, as it were? I could not seem to bear it.

I never thought of God—consequently for me He was not. Nor was Christ more to me than a name so familiar that, in a sense, the meaning of His life had ceased to be a reality.

Fear Not the Crossing

If Peter had not found me near Julia when he came to talk with Gail, my agony might still be going on. But he helped me to communicate, and that meant a great deal, though I could hardly bear the risk of stopping. I felt as if it might be my only chance to express all I felt—and I felt horribly.

Peter tried to take me with him, but I could not go away. I had to stay near people who were alive and meant something to me from former knowledge. It was a comfort to feel that Katharine and Gail were friends.

Then, the next night, when I found that I could write again with Peter there to help, I felt assured that I was not entirely thrust away, as was my body. I felt that my identity was secure, and Gail assured me of her willingness to write for me all that I wanted to set down.

Fear Not the Crossing

Life is still a growth, it always must be that, a closer and closer approach to God. But the joys by the way are constant here, whereas, formerly they were at best intermittent.

The war makes conditions abnormal here as elsewhere, but at least we never doubt the outcome. That is so assured we regard the Allies' victory as certain. The suffering, however, is terrific. Men going on in violence and in hate have the hardest sort of struggle to find their way here, and have to be helped by skilled workers. Peter and Jack both are there all the time. Their youth speaks to the youth of the others. Peter was on hand for Jack, then as he didn't want to leave the scene, they worked together. They manage splendidly, but get exhausted every now and then, and at such times I see them.

The war has let loose forces on this

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side too, that formerly were well in abeyance. As love engenders love, so do other qualities when concentrated terrifically, engender similar qualities in great strength. So there are the counterparts of hate, craft, cruelty, and horror, all to be conquered above the scenes of war. There can be but one outcome, but the cost is inestimably great and the time required is long. The duration of the war cannot be interminable, however, and already there is a victory in sight.

Do not desire a too speedy peace. Be very sure before the terms are settled that there is no possible chicanery anywhere. There has been created there such diabolic skill in dissembling and complotting that there cannot be too much caution exerted.

The work on this side is terrific for the soldiers coming over. It is necessary to

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have only skilled helpers, as it requires so much strength and aptitude. There will be a new love born to the world with this terrific travail, however, for all mankind are brothers in sorrow, though all too often markedly individualistic in comfort and security. In the place of those who have gone on, there must be found new hope and work to make life bearable, and universal sympathy will ensue. There will be all mankind still left to serve and care for, and a purer, more splendid power of love will find its way to enter life.

Fear Not the Crossing

February 25th.

There can be established bureaus of communication from your side to ours, but at best the attempts made along that line, so far, are, as a rule, unsatisfactory. Imagine a telephone exchange without rules of any sort, and consider how utter would be the ensuing confusion. Do not trust to mediumistic messages unless you know beyond doubt that perfect honesty can be assured. The question of taking money for services rendered to the living and to those who are living too, to be sure, but in another state, seems, if not a question of morality, one, at least, of taste.

Fear Not the Crossing

To assist in helping those who are dear to each other, to help in establishing their interchange of thoughts and love is a sort of holy privilege based on a gift not to be used commercially. Surely it would desecrate maternity to commercialize it. So would affection be brutally debased, if it were bought and sold. So this power, that is in a way a gift of God, ought never to be sold. There are certain moments or interludes in life that are so closely bound to God that one's environment forthwith takes on the aspect of a temple in His sight; and to barter there is not permissible.

Fear Not the Crossing

February 26th.

There is danger in trying to communicate experimentally. It should never be attempted save when the longing to talk with some loved one impels desire. Then the thought and love for him will be a safeguard.

There are triflers on this side, so beware of putting yourself into a position where they can become too familiar. Love and the thought of God are the only adequate protections, and these emotions are not possible where detached scientific interest is the only motive for seeking communication with our side.

There has come to me more and more

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strongly the appreciation of natures wise through love. Warmth and generosity are so much more vital than intellectuality, that one experienced in caring for others has a far greater grasp than those whose thought has dwelt on abstractions.

It seems as if death should be bridged with reverence and love, rather than with curiosity. The séances, conducted in the name of science, too often fail to procure responses from beautiful spirits. When a medical school has open clinics, are the patients the finest type of human beings, or are they, rather, the odds and ends of the race? In a similar fashion, the séances conducted by distinguished scientists are like open clinics in failing to attract the spirits truly representative. Those who are best are serving God, and idle calls do not reach them, but the power of love always effects response.

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If mortals would be ready to listen, there would be progress, in *likelihood*, but interminable petty questionings occur to settle doubts, establish proofs, and what not. What is there that can be said to people whose first tenet is that nothing can possibly be accepted by minds so brilliant and sagacious as their own, save things they know already? First, identity must be established; then if words convey familiar meanings at once, it is wisely said, "Do not give that credence as genuine; the action of our subconscious memory is being evinced." Then if words offer new ideas, "Ah, ha," they say, "this may or may not be so. How can we prove it?" Under such conditions wise spirits cease their willingness to attend such meetings and give them up in disappointed grief.

Where love extends the hope of intercourse, all goes differently. The happi-

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ness of coming back to talk where sympathy abounds is very great,—to talk to willing ears, to feel an answering love,—that is indeed worth while.

It is best not to ask questions of the future. It is not always certain in detail. When those who love you know something you would be helped by knowing, let them inform you unasked.

And treat their coming as a visit, not of a prophet, but of a much loved friend. It is not pleasant to be bulldozed into oracularity. Courteousness is a spiritual quality based on sympathy, and a necessity in every sort of intercourse. But that, strangely enough, is all too often forgotten in intercourse with spirits on this side, who are thereby puzzled, to put it very mildly. There should be the same consideration usual in every civilization.

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February 28th.

There is so much importance in teaching others the truth about this beautiful freedom obtained through death that we must go on describing what I've come to understand. From all I used to think, I expected that there would be complete transformation, that all the meaning of life would become changed, but it is not so much changed, as enlarged.

The thoughts prevalent about the transmuting touch of death are all wrong. There was never more clearly proved that the law of cause and effect is true, than here, and now. Personalities built on

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weakness, result in weakness here, but the reverse is gloriously true also,—that those who are strong in their effort to do what is right are building of themselves true reflections of God. Each decision, each action, each thought for nobility, all count far more than is realized, and a character built by years of strong striving toward virtue reaches a state of radiance here that is its own reward.

There is here a flowering of personality—if that can be understood. In life as you know it, you contrive perhaps the roots and first beginnings of your personality, and the soundness and perfection of them result here in the bursting into bloom of your achievement.

You are able by simply doing each day God's will, as you know it, to be divinely creative. By your volition you can choose to construct of yourselves agents of God.

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There is no necessity for the use of rare talent, or for the use of anything each individual has not at his call, by learning to follow continually the course that will every day be shown him, the course that lies opened by God. Christ's two commandments of Love are sufficient as the rules of life. Love God and Others, and you will inevitably attain the Self that is both your right and privilege to create. For it is really your own volition that constructs your Self. You are not created, the beginning of you is created, and from that beginning you must contrive a personality, not inadvertently for the few years that you call a lifetime, but conscious always that what you acquire is a character, a spirit, an entity for all time, and that the most important purpose in life is to learn to be used by God, in order that His will may be universally done.

Fear Not the Crossing

Nothing else can matter if love is the
mainspring of one's life.

Fear Not the Crossing

March 1st.

The subject of communication seems to be the most vital after the reconception of the significance of death. When the nature of that is once understood, the means of seeking loved ones is at once desired. And the means too often offers danger to those who do not secure the help of proper channels.

Beware of dishonesty on this side as well as on your own. Too much care can not be taken, because it is much easier to avoid trouble by never letting it occur, than to try to prevent a repetition of intercourse with undesirable triflers who have once found access to you.

Fear Not the Crossing

Never seek communication idly, and never seek it insistently. Remember that those you love have both rights and duties on this side, and are not to be called when there is nothing of importance to exchange with them. Love is important and the solace of companionship often a true need; but even that should not be demanded, rather requested, for surely no one would wish to upset too rudely an event of importance by calling away one he was fond of. Seek gently, thinking of your desire tempered with the condition that it be convenient to answer you. Then, if all be well, your wish for communication will be fulfilled. And do not seek too often. If your need is great, prepare so that you may be sought.

Passivity and thoughts of love open the way for those on this side to reach you. Listening well, with appreciative under-

Fear Not the Crossing

standing, is rare in any sort of intercourse, but especially rare in this sort. Receiving is really a beautiful virtue, especially the receiving of ideas, but giving is popularly supposed to be the better procedure; and has all too greatly usurped the place in our ideals to which receiving is really entitled.

Fear Not the Crossing

March 2nd.

The state of heaven is possible wherever God is thought of. There are places in your life so filled by thoughts of Him that they are actually blessed ground. Then Hell, too, overlaps your earth. Where vice and sensuousness are the springs men's minds drink from, there a Hell surrounds them, sometimes gilded, but integrally desolate and fearful.

There is a sort of influence permeating locations. A splendid person is actually valuable to a community, not so much for what he does, though that may be much, as for the actual benefit derived

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from the telepathic effect of the communion with God established by his personality. There is a radiance and strength of love engendered by his presence that infects the environment with a quality of value. It is hard for you to believe that things have true reality that your scientists cannot resolve into waves or vibrations, and measure; but the greatest realities are difficult to limit by accuracy. The greatness of God is incommensurable; likewise the greatness in quality, but fractional in part, that is an attribute belonging to everyone whose actions are governed by ideals. Houses have reflected virtue often. And mountain tops, where exaltation has been felt by scores, also become sacred in greater measure than the churches, dedicated by ceremony, but desecrated by shallow forms. Some churches, used by saints, are truly sacred, but, alas, not al-

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ways is that so. This is why relics are treasured, often they have a certain power.

Fear Not the Crossing

March 3rd.

Tonight I want to go on about the subject of communication. It is one of great delicacy. Before it should be attempted the view of death must be true. There must not be undue excitement induced by communicating and readjusting old beliefs simultaneously. If individuals ask you for help, first teach them the meaning of death. Be sure that they regard it as a transaction of not too vital importance. Be sure that they truly conceive the absolute reality of existence on this side. There must be continual belief in the presence of those loved ones desired. Their inter-

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communing thoughts will create a favorable atmosphere. Let that be well established before definite messages flow through you. Otherwise there is a risk emotionally; the strain of finding proved a mere wild hope will startle too extremely the average mind. In other words, be very sure that communication is grown into gradually. And even then it is not wise for everybody. Be intensely careful of too suddenly upsetting long established channels of thought. Open minds are rare, by that I mean minds readily capable of readjustment.

So long have the so-called dead been completely banished, the truth of what we know now is only for those whose readiness to reconceive the meaning of death is apparent. Do not try to proselytize. There are many who are better fitted for sorrow than for a change in

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thought. Those whose minds have long ceased growing are better mourning than completely bewildered, with their old concepts shaken, and the new one too revolutionary to enter their perceptions.

It is not really new, this concept. Christ proved it once, but proof is not more needed by mankind than the power to perceive that a proof has been given. Arrested development should have come down the ages with pestilence, famine, and war as something mankind beseeches to be delivered from. Yet it is unfortunately seldom recognized, save by those it does not limit.

When receiving communications, you must listen for thoughts, if that is intelligible. Be ready to write and then set down rapidly all that comes into your mind, for though automatic writing can be done physically, it goes far better

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through an understanding of the minds. That is why mediumship is sometimes unsafe. When a mind of one sort uses a quite different personality as a blind instrument for communicating, there is compulsion, even force, exerted, often hypnotic in character. And while it is most difficult on this side, the effects on your side are often still more troubling. Whereas, when sympathy and understanding exist, thoughts can be given with comparative facility.

It seems as if I never lived before entirely. I know at last the spiritual meaning of life, and love, and peace. And how greatly I long to help others is shown in the effort I am making to get my experience across to them.

Love is so little understood and so marvelous in its inherent power that it can save the world even now. It is kindled

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by itself and spreads around a life radiant with it as the sunset glory spreads across the skies. And yet love is still rare. Christ's two commandments could regenerate the race, and yet with millions of people professing to be His, how many ever spend one day in perfect service to His law?

That, too, must be established to your satisfaction, that love is the motive compelling desire for communication. Curiosity has no right when idle spirits here are ready to make trouble. Never open the doors excepting with the hope of calling someone special. If I am here, or Peter, we can afford protection, but do not incur risk. There is unusual chaos now with hosts of such abnormal spirits arriving that it is sometimes terrific.

But tell everyone in crossing over to think of God and to rest sure that help

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will come. The feeling of desolation can be overcome by holding to the expectation that God's love is near and will prevail in reaching you. Know that the words of Christ are true in every sense: there are indeed mansions in abundance, but the adjusting now is difficult. Such forces are let loose that whole expanses are filled with struggle. But love and prayer—which is in simple essence the mere holding in mind the thought of God—are in their nature so strong that a sort of telepathic communication brings help to your side unfailingly. If you are unable to conceive mentally God, think then of those you hold the dearest. Whoever has touched in you the greatest longing to be fine, or who has stirred your desire to help others, think then of that person, and indirectly you will think of God.

Love is far greater than the reach of
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sex. Sex still exists, but differently. In mortal life, monogamy is the law, not the desire of the race, and the desires have always to be governed. Here sexual love is purer in essence. It is the love between two people who are true mates and is not endangered by physical craving. That there is complete union is true, but it is the divine response to perfect mating, potentially but rarely possible on earth, where union is too often debased by overmastering physical appetite. Love here of every sort is gloriously beautiful. It is because love here is more universal, and wherever it abounds its radiance trans-fuses all life with wonder. Its power applies everywhere. Love perfectly and you will touch the very glory of life. You cannot love too much.

Fear Not the Crossing

March 5th.

Yes, I have come to go on with our book. It is nothing but a continuation of what I said about communication. Be sure that it is the result of an understanding of the nature of death. Be sure not to incur risk by shocking people suddenly into a new point of view before they have ability to grasp it. Because a man potentially can swim, he should not be tossed in over his depth as an initiation in swimming; he must begin in the shallows and reach the depths himself. So in communication go very slowly, always taking the utmost care to open no doors to those who should not enter.

Fear Not the Crossing

There is tragedy in suicide. I have found out its terrible side. If it is understood suicide will unquestionably cease. It is not in the least a remedy, as people sometimes think. It is a tragic, farcical proceeding as a means of ending trouble, and I hardly can wait to describe the torture self-inflicted by attempting that so-called avenue of escape. It is rather an entrance to an increased state of horror. Nothing can ever be alleviated thereby. I have a great presentiment that there is need for an understanding of this subject because there has been all too prevalent a curious attitude begotten by cowardice. The tales from prison camps are nothing compared to the experience of those who choose the possibility of suicide rather than the continuation of the proved discomfort and anguish of their days interned.

Pain and horror must be faced, though

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with terrific suffering. Pain must pass eventually. Each minute that goes by, goes by forever, and with it the horror and pain of it, but the courage engendered by each hour one carries on, is a sublime creation of permanent beauty. The creation of valor, the splendid achievement of long sustained fortitude is the significant result of days passed through with torment; and the personal distaste for carrying on must be dispelled by thoughts of God and Christ and eternity.

Suicide is spiritually degrading. What centuries have accomplished can thereby be lost and anguish is intensified rather than diminished.

Always remember that God can be reached, and reaching Him will mean alleviation. No matter what the pain and horror may be, endure heroically and think of God. As I have said, if God you can-

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not conceive, think of whatever influence has been the highest in your life, and that will establish the telepathic connection—if I may call it that—between you and the Source of all power. It may seem inconceivable, but always that brings help. It may act slowly, but always it acts, and you must have patience and faith. Sometimes to get results change of events have first to be impelled by long planning, and sometimes obstacles require overcoming. But know beyond doubt that help asked for by those who ask in the name of Christ or with love of what is fine in their hearts, know beyond doubt that help in some form will be at once directed to them.

Fear Not the Crossing

March 9th.

Last night I described in a measure the horrible result of suicide. It is a gloomy subject at best, but with my new knowledge its aspect assumes still darker color. Remember always that prayer is indeed a means of alleviating every unbearable condition, whereas suicide only disintegrates completely the possibility of aid reaching you. It cannot be too strongly reiterated that suicide must never be contemplated.

Fear Not the Crossing

March 10th.

Today I want to write about intuition. There is a great deal of suggestion exerted from this side, and sometimes it can be a great benefit. The people who say most frequently, "I don't know what to do," or "I cannot think of anything to say," are just the ones in need of help, and yet this positive negativity of theirs makes it difficult, even impossible, to help them. If any situation seem unbearable, or if it is not as bad as that, simply unpleasant, make your mind passive—does the phrase *listening mentally* convey more clearly the state of mind I speak of as passivity?—and help will be directed to you.

Fear Not the Crossing

Despair is its own punishment. It closes the mind to benefits of every sort. It is like a black veil obscuring inside it those who experience it. No matter how the light beats down upon them, in their perception all is transfused with gloom.

Never let yourself give up the readiness for joy. That is one reason why it is not felt by some people. It could be found if it were sought.

Love of self takes curious forms. Sometimes it builds of personal loss or personal griefs a Monument of Termination, and on its altars they perpetually make oblations. That is to despair, to hold the firm conviction that all that is loved or beautiful has terminated. And it really never can terminate.

God is the power of all life, and His strength precludes finitism. There may be sources of joy in your life entering and

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then passing out, but how base to despair on that account. Because one is blessed once, one is always blessed, for memories that are wonderful enrich beyond words. Because, then, a joy be changed to a memory, is one then to become morose, self-centered, unloving, to others? Or should one treat a memory as so beautiful as to be hallowing?

Surely a great loss implies a greatness in experience. It is not in essence so tragic as monotony of emotion. Missing is much sadder than separating. And losing a great joy after having known it cannot take it away; it changes it to a memory, but it is still a gift of God.

And always know that if death were understood, it would not be so dreaded. It is a barrier when so regarded, not otherwise. I cannot repeat too often the wonder of this state. It is not remote from

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yours, but overlaps it. As day and night are different, changing in character the areas they occupy, so does what you call death change in character the life you know at present. But death is not the night descending on your life, it is the dawn of transcendent beauty that makes possible a glorious clarity and understanding.

Many who comprehend the meaning of love and service live on your side in harmony with God, but such individuals are rare. They are much loved and through love for them others learn the meaning of love for God. The value of such lives is very great and they go on their way under special protection, called here and there by seeming circumstances that are really events long before arranged, to help by their influence in the work of those on this side. But they are usually

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people whose sympathies are enlarged by a wide range of experiences and who have known sorrow of many sorts.

Sorrow nobly accepted, with love of others still paramount, purges selfishness away and leaves a heart in readiness for God's commands.

Happiness is not joy. It is a state of placidity as easily ruffled by every breath that stirs, as are the lifeless waters of a little lake. But joy is the result of achievement. It comes from a comprehension of the nature of God, and such a comprehension has to be reached by living through self-consideration to universal service.

There is no way of comprehending God till love is known—that love so pure and boundless that its vast beauty is as magnificent as the open sea's. It cannot be attained at once. But where there is desire to do good, where there is faith in the

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worth of doing each day all that appears as one's duty, where there is generosity in love, there is always aid at hand to be called on.

Do not feel that you must know everything at once, and let thoughts of despair enter because you realize your present inability to see all your way clearly before you. Live simply each day as you ought, and when actually facing puzzling conditions rest sure that what is sometimes called intuition will show you the path. It is always the message you need.

Fear Not the Crossing

March 15th.

The subjectivity of spirits on this side is something that I touched on in speaking of what you call intuition. There is constantly telepathic control when there is opportunity or desire for it. Be more passive. Never let your mind be closed by distress or anxiety. Rather, cultivate the habit of listening reflectively, when in doubt or trouble. There is always a sure way of bettering the circumstances that trouble you. Try to receive help and it will immediately be at hand. That is, it will be immediately directed towards you, and though the evidence of such aid be

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indiscernible, be confident that conditions will unquestionably improve.

Try to realize the meaning of "Children of God." It is so often used as an empty phrase that the wonder of its truth is veiled. Familiarity does indeed pervade with obscurity things so intrinsically marvelous that could one but get a fresh impression of them suddenly, there would be amazed delight.

There is nothing to be more guarded against than the dulling of the perceptive faculties through long continued repetitions of sensations. Experiences of the greatest beauty and delight are undertaken with the dawning of each day, but how rarely are they undertaken by spirits properly keen and appreciative. To let adventures go by unnoticed is so frequent as almost to be the rule, and little can you measure the loss of life that results.

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People are very saving about futile things like money, but prodigal with time. Never let a minute go by untasted. Rest, of course, but rest with pleasure, not with negative dullness. And bear in mind that beauty and blessings of every sort abound, but cannot of themselves create delight. There must be, if not volition, at least gentle spiritual listening, readiness of appreciation and of perception—how can I describe it?—else the wealth poured out upon your life is lavished unenjoyed.

Fear Not the Crossing

March 16th.

There is a great deal more to say about letting those who are on this side be of service to you. You must understand how those who loved you once continue to love you even more than formerly; for love is not meted out according to what each individual deserves to receive. Its measure is governed by the heart conceiving it, and here where we are in closer communion with God, the quality of the love we give is more valuable. It would be strange if this were not so, but yet few people realize this. Imagine then our longing to be of use to those whom we care for as we never

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before were capable of caring. Remember that though your prayers for us may be frequent, ours for you are almost perpetual; so greatly has our power of love, and wisdom in loving, increased.

Put anxiety away and live each day to its utmost, and let others bear you along, in their love, to God. And keep your minds ready for the thoughts we send. There is no saying where thoughts come from, what circumstance stirs into play trains of associations; but often thoughts are planted by messengers of God. Then there occurs a gradual helping, that is often called self-poise or self-control, or strength of character, that adjusts the individual and the existing condition. It is almost never that this help is understood, but its nature is very wonderful to those who comprehend its source.

Fear Not the Crossing

March 19th.

Tonight I want to describe Purgatory so-called, the state that spirits enter post-haste through death. Its horror is not horror truly, it is its complete strangeness that is at first so overwhelming.

When I came to it I thought it was Hell. But that, I have learned, is not for the usual run of people. Where souls in rare instances have become utterly corrupt and degraded, they are most loathsome monsters, incapable finally of making over into finer specimens. Usually there is rehabilitation possible for everyone. But

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there are these monsters of vice and bestiality incapable of further progress towards righteousness: and Hell is for them. It is not everlasting torment—that is abhorrent even to think of, and surely an institution impossible for God, with His infinite greatness of love to have conceived,—but it is complete annihilation. There is thereby a purification for the world, not a punishment in motive. It is really merciful, for those who have degraded beyond the limits of most imaginations find no comfort in the retention of identity.

But Purgatory is what I particularly wish to describe, for an understanding of it would very much assist people to pass through that first desolate confusion. It is well known that frequently the basis of fear is lack of previous experience, or the reaction caused by encountering the unknown. And after leaving one's body, one

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is thrust immediately into a fundamentally different state. The state is of itself far superior to that formerly experienced, but this strangeness often frightens people horribly. One is so free, that though freedom may have been desired for years, it renders the newcomer partially numb with terror, and all too often a paralyzing of thought-control ensues. One is not really paralyzed—that would make one easy for others to help—but one seems to clutch wildly at the impossible previous state, filling so completely the whole consciousness with dismay and fright, that although assistance is proffered it cannot reach the consciousness, that must first subside to quiescence to be effectually tuned to receptivity.

If people could make the crossing, thinking of God and Christ, and with love of what is fine still paramount in their

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minds, then for them Heaven would be at once attained. Prayers of others for you, direct perhaps more helpers to your side; but your own prayer is essential before you can become capable of receiving assistance. Dismay, lack of faith in the eternal wisdom of the Maker of All, unwillingness to accept conditions because they are new, without weighing their merits, which I assure you far surpass all hopes held previously, all these ungracious fears and unreasoning perturbations close the doors to the wonderful joy that can become yours so easily.

Do not let your thoughts center on your own identity. Your new form will require understanding before you realize its excellencies. Mine made me utterly forlorn, and at first I felt that I could not bear having such a change thrust upon me. But with readiness to go on living and faith

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in God's love and wisdom, all the difficulties decrease and vanish.

None comes over unwatched. Always bear that in mind. Do what you are able to do to retain your equanimity, and if you are frightened, guard against dismay—which will mean Purgatory—and cling to the thought that you—even as Christ—are God's child, and ask with peace and love in your heart for aid. And then will the beauty of Heaven be opened for you.

That is the message that I want to send at once. It may mean infinite help to thousands. Do not try to make those who are disinclined, take stock in me. I do not wish to be a cult, God knows. But this I feel, that if my new knowledge of death can help even one soul, then the knowledge I have must be at his disposal. There could, perhaps, be such anguish saved so many by this account, I long to

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have it published. Then those who understand can at their time of crossing, cross all the way to God. If you will let me come, I will write more some time, but the desire I felt at first to prove my identity and the fact that I still existed has been completely satisfied. Then my greater desire later to help others to free themselves from the fear of death, that, too, is satisfied. I am subsiding from my insistent writing to the gentler writing of a narrating friend. Let me come when you can, and keep me in your thoughts and know how much you are in mine. I cannot thank you enough for what you've done for me.

That is all.



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